

21
THE
SPRINGS
GLORIE.

VINDICATING LOVE
by temperance against
the tenant,

Sine Cerere & Baccho friget Venus.

Moralized in a Maske.

With other Poems, Epigrams, Elegies, and
Epithalamiums of the Authors

THOMAS NABBS.



LONDON,

Printed by J.D. for Charles Grange, and are to be sold
by Nicolas Fussell at the signe of the white
Lyon in Pauls Church-yard.

1638.

THE
SPRING
OR
VINDICATION

PR 2719
M356
1638
Office

by temperance against
the enemy

Samuel (son of) Bartholomew

142780

With other Poems, Epigrams, Elegies, and
Epitaphs of the Authors

Thomas A. A. A. A.



LONDON

Printed by J. D. for Charles Gutter, and are to be sold
by Richard B. in the Strand of the White
London Pall Mall Church-yard.

1638



Optimæ spei Iuveni

Domino BENEDICTO ROBERTS,
filio natu minori

NICOLAI ROBERTS Armigeri,
amoris ergò, & observantiæ erga
parentes, sequentia poemata
humillimè dedicat

Thomas Nabbes.

[Illegible text]

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To his intimate and learned friend
Master THOMAS NABBS on his
ensuing Poems.

Let those who to the world oft publish forth
Their owne deserts, in praying others worth,
Throng for a roome; and pride themselves to be
Ranck'd in the front of thy learn'd poesie.

It shall suffice mee (who have never yet
Studied to humour others, nor have sweate
Like some, two houres in plodding jests, which may
At the first sight their authour's wits betray)
To have a meaner roome: for I nor come
To begge the reader mitigate thy doome;
Nor with intent to praise thy worke or thee:
For that would seeme a plaine Tautologie.
Those, whose diviner soules *Phœbean* flame
Hath thoroughly kindled, such as have a name
I'the list of *Phœbus*'s darlings, will admire
The eager flames of thy poetique fire.
None will dislike ought here, but such dull things
Whose soules are out of tune; When *Phœbus* sings
Some bayards will be bold to judge his straine
Harsh and unpleasing; yet applaud the vaine—
—Confused sound of some hoarse pipers voyce,
And say 'tis rare, and makes an excellent noyse.
If that it chance some fancy not thy straine
Th'are dull and ignorant; the wiser traine
Will praise thee for't, and utter still with fame
The often mention of thy honour d name.

Let critiques censure, and these lines condemne,
Secur'd by thine owne bayes, their rage contemne.

C. G. Oxon.



To his honoured friend Master

THOMAS NABBES.

I Ad I the massie wealth of Cheops, then
I'de raise a Piramid unto thy pen
That should for State put downe the empty fame
Of Mausoleus tombe, blot out the name
The Sunnes Colossus had in that same day
When it bestrid the spacious Rhodian bay.
Let Momus prate, thou art above him farre:
The curre that barks at, cannot hurt the starre,
But why should I presume? for mee to praise
Thy winged raptures, rhapsodies and layes
Were with darke Lanterne up and downe to runne,
And shew th'admiring world the glittering Sunne.

Robert Chamberlaing.



THE SPRINGS

GLORY

Within an Arch of agreeable
workmanship, a Scene of winter presents
it selfe, the Trees and Earth covered with Snow,
and in the middle thereof a prospect of a faire

Venus and Cupid descend.

Venus.

Whether good meat and drinke must *Venus* freeze?
Must I derive my flames and my desire
From *Ceres* and from *Bacchus*? shall the fire
That burnes in hearts, and payes me solemne rites
Kindle from fustellie and gorg'd appetites?
It shall not Sonne, Learne of thy Sea-borne mother
Never to borrow power from any other.
The vertue that's our owne, who dares to claime?
Are not both Gods and men by thy surcayme
When at their bosomes thou direct'st a Dart
Wounded with passion past the cure of art?

52A

B

Did

Did not the god of Medicine himselfe want;
When he was hurt by thee, a feverishne plant
To heale his hurt? nor did it rancor by
Abundance of choyse cates and luxurie?
Twas meere thy effect. Why then should we
To *Ceres* or to *Bacchus* deity
Ascribe our rights?

Cupid.

In part we must; for they
Are aiders in our worke, and therefore may
Share in the attributes of power. If wine
Did not the spirits and the bloud refine,
Making them warme and active, I should throw
My shafts at rocks of ice, and from my Bow
The winged arrows of desire would flie
With empty and succeslesse battery.
If *Ceres* bounties flow'd not, where should I
Find any flame to light my torches by?
Fulnesse and ease assist me more then all
The helpes I have besides.

Venus.

And therefore shall
They be prefer'd? Thou art a foolish boy.
Their base effects are lust; they love to joy
In what is sensuall onely. Our pure heats
Borrowes no activeness from drinke or meate;
It moves more in the soule. God *Bacchus* shall
Have his due attributes, and *Ceres* call
The plough, crookt sickle, flayle and many more
Her owne admir'd inventions, and the store
Shee gathers for mens use. But should the mind
Make these her only objects, what a blind

And

The Springs glayst

And dangerous issue of effects would grow
From such a seed ! high spirits strive to know
More then a common eye sees, and aspire
Still upwards like the *Pyramide* of fire,
When earth tends to its centre. We must move
More then the sense ; else 'tis not perfect love.

To *them Ceres and Bacchus.*

Here's *Ceres* and *Lyens,*

Ceres.

Wee are told
By *Mata's* sonne that you intend to scold
With me and *Bacchus.*

Venus.

I have cause to chide.
You'd rob me of my titles, and beside
Make it a gluttons tenent, there can be
No love without you.

Ceres.

And your Deity
Hath summond us for this : 'tis very good.
I must confesse you made your father wood
To ravish faire *Europa.* Having scene
Traynes of *Arcadian* Virgins on the Greene
Tread their chaste measures, or with nimble pace
Through the *Parthenian* groves, and thickets chase
A well-breath'd Stagge, one of them straight-ways must
Be tempted to her ruine by his lust :
And this employment *Venus* still is thine.

The Springe of Love

Ceres madd still for her *Brysepin* ~~Whose rape hath made her~~ *Whose rape hath made her* *Whose rape hath made her*
Whose rape hath made her *Whose rape hath made her* *Whose rape hath made her*
Who to be so rewarded would not kisse
The blacke lips of hells king? and to his bed
Bring the short pleasures of a Maidenhead?
Repine not at it then.

Ceres.

I must whilst day
Hath any light, or heavens bright eye a ray.
It was your sonnes greatest to be of, he
That suffers not the infernals to give
Of his diseases.

Bacchus.

Rather *Ceres* mine?
For if the God had never tasted wine,
Not all the heate of his infernall fire
Could e're have thaw'd him into one desire
Or kindled the least flame in his cold breast
Without my vertue.

Venus.

This is an idle jest.
Doth *Bacchus* thinke he can with heate of wine
Light the bright flame of love, that is divine,
And burnes not from such causes, but takes fire
From th'elementall part of pure desire
Unmixt with grosse flesh? Thy effects are foule;
And motions of the sense, not of the soule.
Subscribe then to our power; my sonne and I
Must have the attributes.

Ceres.

The Springs glory

Ceres.

Let him lay by
His quiver rather. *Ceres* meane to be
The Queene of Love, and *Bacchus* deity
Include all that is *Cupids*.

Venus.

First I'll leave
To be immortall, and my selfe bereave
Of all that I can claime above the skye,
Or under heavens archt rooffe, if destiny
May give it confirmation. Take a Dart
And ayme it at her proud imperious heart
To shew in thy revenge what thou canst doe.

Cupid.

I must not Mother. Wee'll referre it to
Another tryall, and if *Bacchus* can
Confirme what he so saucily began
To argue, by example, wee'll deny
Nothing that's due unto his deity.

Bacchus.

Content.

To them Christmasse and Shrovetide Enter.

Christmas is personated by an old reverend Gentleman in a
furr'd gowne and cappe, &c. And Shrovetide by a fat
Cooke with a frying-pan, &c.

And see occasion hath comply'd
Even with our wish. It cannot be deny'd
But these thare both our hounties have free use
Of all our gifts: and if you'll not refuse
A tryall from them.

The Springs glory.

Venus.

Let them speake, whilst we
To their dispose referre the victory.

Shrovetide.

I say *Christmas* you are past date, you are out of the Almanack. Resigne, resigne. Let the Oven give place to the Frying-pan, and *Lent* t-pies yeild superiority to pancakes and Fritters.

Christmas.

Resigne to thee! I that am the King of good cheere and feasting, though I come but once a yeare to raigne over bak't, boyled, roast, and plum-porridge, will have being in despite of thy lard-ship. Thou art but my fagge-end, and I must still be before thee.

Shrovetide.

But thou wilt never be before hand. Thou art a prodigall *Christmas*; and *Shrovetide* hath scene thee many times in the Poultry.

Christmas.

Dost scorne my liberality, thou rasty bacon, tallow-faced scullion? Though thou be as far as a Flemming, I'll have *Lent* choke thee with a red-herring.

Shrovetide.

I'll arme my selfe for that. In three dayes I can victuall my garrison for seven weekes: and it shall goe hard but I will domineere in *Lent* despite of the thin-chapt surgeon that makes men skillitons.

Christmas.

The Springs glory on

Christmas.

As how?

Shrovetide.

At any Noblemans house, I can licke my fingers in a privy kitchen. Though I bee out of commons in the hall, there's flesh to be had sometimes in a chamber besides a Landresse. The very three-penny ordinary will keep me in an upper gallery, and I can be invisible even in the pye-house. Should all faile, the wenches I got with child shall long, and have the Physicians tucker.

Christmas.

Thou get children!

Shrovetide.

Yes more then *Christmas*, and better too: for thine are all unthriffs, whores, or murderers. Thy sonne *Jn and in*, undid many a Citizen. Thou hast a Daughter called my *Ladies hole*, a filthy black slut shee is; and *Par* is common in every Bawdy house. 'Tis thought *Noddy* was none of thine owne getting, but an Aldermans, that in exchange cuckolded thee, when thou wast a Courtier. Thou hast one sonne bred up in the Country called *Christmas gambolls*, that doth nothing but breake mens necks; and many more that would undoe the Common-wealth, were it not for the Groome porter,

Christmas.

Do'st see these firrah?

Shrovetide.

The Springs glory.

Shrovetide.

Ceres and *Bacchus* : I am their worshipper. Were *Stewes* tolerated, and *Venus* the Grand Bawd of them, without good meate and drinke, your young *Factors* would never be able to breake their *Masters* or *Mistresses*, nor your *shee-silke-worme* in *Cheape* care a button for her foreman.

Ceres.

Venus being overcome, I hope will yeeld,
Now shee is vanquish't in the open field,
And her weake forces scatter'd : nor can they
Gather new head to make a second fray.

To them *Lent* enters.

Hee is figur'd in a leane Man, his habit like trowsers,
and what other anticke devices may be thought
proper,

Venus.

Yes : with this champion ; and his fresh supply
I'll wage new wars, and call backe victory.

Shrovetide.

This leane thin-gut starveling, begot by a *Spring*, and
nurst at the lower end of *Friday-street*.

Lent.

Why thou *Hellno* of hennes and balgon, thou *broderhouse*
of collops and egges ; thou that makest the kitchen proclaime
its

The Spring of the Year
its employment through the neighbourhood, with the feast of
thy Lard and crumpets, what canst thou boast off?

Christmas.
Children, children, thou parthe traveling: thou canst get
nothing but Anatomies.

Lent.

Children: I get more (I maintaine not their lawfulness)
then *Christmas* and *Shrovetide*. Oh the vertue of Oysters,
Lobsters, Sturgeon, Anchoves, & *Cavary*! Why thou groun-
headed bladder, puffed with the windinesse of pared apples
coffered in batter: for every Brawne or hogge, either *Christ-*
mas or thy selfe have demolisht; I have a thousand Her-
sings, despite of the Dutchmens wastfull theft, let them rob
the four Seas never so often. Besides, I couple more then
the Parson of *Purbeck*. I meane *City Woodcocks*, with
Subbie Wagtailes.

Christmas.

Thou couple?

Who more? Is not *S. Valentines* day mine? are not *Codds*
mine, thou codds-head, and *Maides* mine? put them toge-
ther thou wilt find they are things—

Thou art a thing of emptinesse, and *Lent* was ever a lack
by conversion.

C

Lent.

Such a lack as can come aloft, and doe *Venus* more credit
then thy fulnesse. Doe not I share of *Aries*, *Taurus*, and
Gemini; the Innes I lycat in my progresse. Yet no curkold
can deny but *Aries* and *Taurus* should follow *Gemini*. And
it follows, or should, that I having two fathers my selfe,
should get most children.

Who were thy fathers produce?

Decorous and Pious; and I have begotten a holy
 child, a holy sister, that despite of all Informers would have
 her belly full. Let *Christians* and *Shrovetide* eat and
 drinke; I'll be for *Ronns*, though I feed upon nothing but
 herring-cobbs.

Успих:

Who's now the conquerour? Will *Ceres* now
Subscribe unto my power? and *Bacchus* bow
To *Cupid's* awefull strength?

...the

Not till it is
Confirm'd by better evidence than his.

Then mine I observe.

Here-

The Springs glory.

Here the Scene suddenly changeth into a Prospect, with trees
ludded, the earth somewhat greene, and at one side an old
Barne, out of which issues a company of beggars, with a
Bag-pipe.

See you these good fellowes, that preferre the warme
Sunne, before the scrapps which niggardly Christmas and
Shrovetide feast them with; and would get a better race
under a hedge to people New England, then the Seperatists
that possesse it. Whilst they entertaine yee, He summon
the Spring, and she shall moderate.

The Beggars dance.

Exeunt.

After the dance, is heard the chirping of birds; and whilst
the following Song is singing, the Scene againe changeth
into a pleasant Arbour, in which the Spring in a greene
robe wrought over with flowers presents her selfe.

The Song.

See, see a Metamorphosis,
The late gray field now verdant is.
The Sun with warme beames glads the earth,
And to the springing flowers
He gives a new and lively birth
By th' ayde of gentle showres.
The Lambes no longer bleate for cold,
Nor cry for succour from the old:
But friske and play with confidence
Like Emblemes of true innocence.

Chorus.

The cheerefull birds their voyces raise
The Cuckow's hoarse for want of praise.

The Springs glory.

The Nightingale doth sweetly sing,

To welcome in the joyfull Spring.

Spring.

Thus breake my gloryes forth that late lay hid

Within the icyc earth, and were forbid

By Winters nipping cold to show their heads

Above the snowy covering of their beds.

The winds not rugged now, but calme and fayre,

Sweepe flowry Gardens, and perfume the ayre.

The woods shrill Cheriffers, (whose frozen throates

Late wanted motion,) now have found their notes;

Strayning their little organes to sound high,

And teach men art from Natures harmony.

Come you to welcome me?

Ceres.

Yes lovely Maid,

And to have judgement from you, who most aide

In Loves great worke.

Spring.

Is there a strife betweene

The goddesse of desire, and plenties Queene?

Will they subscribe, Ile moderate.

All.

Content.

Spring.

First heare my reasons; then my sentence: bent

'Gainst neithers honours, for I must comply

With such as vertues, *Venus Deity*

The Springs glory

Is powerfull over all; and Giveth
Each that hath being, that by his
Yet many times exceſſe perverts the end
Of pure intentions; and extreme
Their powers to undoe those acts are free
In their owne nature from impurity
Love ought to be Platonicke, and Divine
Such as is onely kindled, and doth shine
With beames, that may all darkes chokes convey
In the refin'd parts of the glorious love
Men doe abuse your gifts, when they delight
Onely to please their ſenſual appetite,
And heat the blood from fulſome; whence ceſſe growes
No perfect love, but ſuch as onely knowes
The courſeſt difference, and therefore muſt
Preſume to owne no other name but luſt.
In me let Temperance teach you to apply
Things to their beſt ends; and to rectifie
All motions that intent effects beſide
What may ſerve to end, and current with the tide
Of pureſt love; in which let all your joyes
Be reconcil'd, and ſo you ſhall be ſayd

Thus we embrace in love

Will lead a moderate meaſure, and persing
Your choyleſt ayres; and as our ſoules they greet,
Unto the Muſick we'll apply our feet.

*The Spring leads them a meaſure: after which
they retire backe to the Scene.*

The spirit's glory

Each part hath bound
Yet many times excell the best of the end

That of all the nations and the least
Though first in time, and tinner in the rest,
Impart my pleasures freely to the least
You know not what these pleasures are
Shall sing as every fount and fountain
A chaste Bride, her love is true
Though they are short the pleasures with these, to you
I carefully will reveal and bring you new.

And here I have received the spirit's glory
The spirit's glory is the spirit's glory
The spirit's glory is the spirit's glory
The spirit's glory is the spirit's glory
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Of the spirit's glory
The spirit's glory is the spirit's glory
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Epilogue

An Encomium on the London Streets
at Worcester, repeated after a long time of neglect in
the year 1678, by the then Dean, who is now the
right Reverend, and right Honourable Lord W.
Bishop of London.

Fe're the *Thy* Maiden did inspire
 In death of rapine want'd with fire,
 Let them asst. And you whose long desire
 Their flames shew'd, designe in this prayer
 Th' *Egyptian* of *Isis*; The *Delian* of *Pan*;
 Th' *Ephesian* Temple of *Diana*;
 With *Rome's* vast wonders, *and* *Isis* *and* *Pan*;
 The Sunnes *and* *Isis*; this to make the *Isis* of
 In their dead *Isis*; *and* *Isis* *and* *Pan*;
 Passe all by transfiguration to be *Isis*;
 But chiefly thou blest *Isis* *and* *Pan*;
 Crown'd with reward of glory *and* *Pan*;
 On these submissive *Isis* *and* *Pan*;
 Thy holy free offer to accept *Isis* *and* *Pan*;
 Of his devotion, who doth *Isis* *and* *Pan*;
 His will to pay what thou *Isis* *and* *Pan*;
 And thou rare fabric, whom all comprehend
 Proportions beauty in a perfect *Isis* *and* *Pan*;
 Of all her elements, which form *Isis* *and* *Pan*;
 On thy *Isis* *and* *Pan* base, let no black *Isis* *and* *Pan*;
 blot out thy name; for thou deserv'st the *Isis* *and* *Pan*;
 Of all that ever climb'd the *Isis* *and* *Pan*;
 Since thy *Isis* *and* *Pan* strength for many an age
 Hath conquer'd stormes, and the *Isis* *and* *Pan*;

* The Founder canonized for his sanctity.

Flaming thy fame; and tell the Northerne spye
 That would have rais'd him selfe by beggery
 How into rounds he might convey thy square
 Transgressing thus a geometric rule,
 He prov'd himselfe a true proportion'd rule:
 When from thy altitude I see far off
 The distant ridges of thy crested hill
 That leads beyond perceivable wavy rye;
 Th'exalted mountaines joyning to the skie:
 The confluent of so many various foyles
 Does seeme in my being organes with their foyles
 And furnishes the foyles, sometimes I find
 I give the foyles regions, what can I find
 With a true labour, and declining
 Beyond all comprehension, till the
 Seemes to decline, and with his golden
 To kisse thy hie, and with his golden
 When freed from this mortal shell
 To contemplate thy wonderfull
 Gives new beginning to a second birth
 Of artfull prodiges to fight the earth
 And make thy forme seeme a demonstrative
 Of those Platonic worlds in which
 Containing angles in foyles, who do
 As those small puffs of smoke whose
 What else may be divided, but such
 (Rays'd from opinions foyles) be the
 Of their fanatick fondness, till to
 I attribute no immortality,
 As part of what must perish, foyles
 Would make me seeme a fall heretic
 'Gainst Nature's designe, and debase thy glory
 By false allusion, rather than by

Flaming thy fame; and tell the Northern spye
 That would have rais'd him selfe by beggary
 How into rounds he might convey thy square
 Transgressing thus a geometric rule,
 He prov'd himselfe a true proportion'd rule:
 When from thy altitude I see far off
 The distant ridges of thy crested hill
 That leads beyond perceivable wavy rye;
 Th'exalted mountaines joyning to the skie:
 The confluent of so many various foyles
 Does shew thy being organ with their soyle
 And furnishes the world with store of store
 I give thee which regions what store of store
 With a true labour; and demanding
 Beyond all comprehension, till the
 Seemes to decline, and with his golden
 To kisse thy hie, and with his golden
 When freed from this mortal shell
 To contemplate thy wonderfull
 Gives new beginning to a second birth
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 As part of what must perish, such a
 Would make me seeme a wilful
 'Gainst Nature's designe, and debase thy glory
 By false allusion, rather than by

Be drawne from what thou art: a perfect frame
To figure out the greatnesse of his name,
That did at thy erection justify
By miracles his blessed * sanctitie.
A pile exalted stands thy bulke within,
(Which doth uphold thy superficiall skin)
Of consecrated Oakes: Olympian Iove
Had none so faire in's Dodonean grove.
In these each regularitie doth designe
By a transverse, or a perpending line
Some principle of Art; which shewes the eye
Of understanding what's Geometrie.
As thou dost climbe thy forme contracts each side
Into a point, which makes a Pyramide:
And then a Globe corrects thy high ascent
From joyning with the fire element,
Fearing your correspondence. There doth sit
The watchfull Cock (of care an Embleme fit)
To guard thee from surprizals, and to show
From what bad coast the envious windes doe blow:
Who with their batteries have assayl'd thee long;
And would enforce thy chastitie (though strong)
To a base prostitution; and unite
Thee with thy * sister steeple by their might
In fatall ruines. But thy conquests prove
Time hath beene kinder: and (for age may love
Faie beauties, raising heates from cold desires)
He meanes to claspe thee in his latest fires.
Thy * ponderous outside now weighs downe my skill,
Though it susteine it selfe. Some learned will
Dispos'd it so for feare the weight might crack
The earths strong axletree, or sinewed back.
So had our glory with the rest beene lost;
And all in new confusion had beene rost:
Unlesse thy beauty once againe might move
A reconciliation by the power of Love

D

That

* At the building thereof a workman falling from a loft lay for dead: Whom the Founder putting by-revived and made whole by praying over him. Recorded in the window of the Cloister.

* A steeple joyning to it, upon which it seem'd to bee falling.

* The outside being all lead.

That he might thee enjoy. But why in vaine
Doe I dilate what's greater then the straine
Of thy weake powers; since what I so desire
To comprehend I onely can admire.
Yet I will be thy champion to defend
Thy fame against opposers, and contend
With * those that Satyre thee; that vainly spend
Their froth collections for the hated end
Of scorne and laughter, and neglect to pay
Their talents lent them by the King of day.
And though * some lately strove to rust thee more
Then times continuance ever did before.
Vertue hath sent good spirits from her clime
Who will preserve thee to the length of time:
Repayre thy breaches, and adorne thy brow,
And make thee shine againe to us below.
And for these voves which I have payd thy worth,
Oh might I begge, that when my soule goes forth
Of this foule earth, to climbe above thy head,
And that the rest be reckoned with the dead,
Thou wouldst preserve my dust within thy wombe:
So should poore *Irus* have a *Celsus* tombe.

* Some that
writ base li-
bels upon it.

* The repay-
ring thereof
neglected, till
the Deanes
comming thi-
ther.

Upon

*Upon the losing of his way in a For-
rest, parting from his company to goe home,
towards the evening.*

YOu that have ever wander'd in the darke,
And thinking to hit home, still mist the marke,
Listen, whilst to the world I doe relate
A sad disaster, which the will of Fate
Dispos'd me to through error. Gently blew
The murmuring winds, and where th' earths sweetnesse grew
It scatter'd choyce perfumes: which did invite
To satisfie our senses appetite
My selfe and others. Th' instrument of heate
Cloth'd in his glory, from his azure seate
Directed cheerefull beames. So forth we went
To suck the purer ayre, and Southward bent
Our wanton course: when spungie clouds began
(As if the Sunne had squeez'd them) to drop raine.
This made us to retire: by which we see
All things are subject to incertaintie.
The golden tressed ruler of the day
Had now for his bright beames made open way.
Our number then increast, and so together
We journied with delight; but knew not whether,
A house at length did entertaine us, where
We dranke no *English Ale*, nor *German Beere*,
Nor *Welch Methoglin*; having stay'd a while
A pleasant joyce was brought, made us beguile
Time with more words then matter. Weary now
And surfeited with pleasures, hast did blow
The sayles of my desires, nor would I stay
For any guide to teach me lose my way.

Upon the losing of his way in a Forrest, &c.

Th' inflating liquor having made me blind,
 I that came in before went out behind.
 Here Error first began the Tragick Jest:
 Lookt the North for South, the East for West.
 Darknesse increast; and night the ayde to harmes
 Hugg'd the worlds fabrick in her Ebon armes.
 When (oh the fate of darknesse) cause 'twas night;
 Or misled by that Error, or some sprite;
 Or the conceited mischief which men call
 The king of *Fairies* Poast; or whether all
 Had met in counsaile to contrive my harme;
 Or witcht to't by some other envious charme;
 I mist the path, straying through unknowne places;
 And alwayes backwards went with forward paces.
 Oh thou that art my lifes commanding light
 Th' ascendent in my birth, was it thy might
 And powerfull influence did direct my will
 To be the better meanes of a worse ill?

* An Astro-
 loger in the
 company that
 maintained a
nuncius inani-
mitus to bee
 effected by
 the beames of
 the Moone,
 and many o-
 ther ridicu-
 lous things.

And * *Hermes* thou whose understanding eye
 Sees all the secrets of *Philosophie*;
 Thou cunning Mould that knowst to work thy way
 Through thickest mysteries to the clearest day
 Of radiant knowledge, was not this dayes fate:
 Writ in thy booke of Moones predestinate
 For grieve and danger? Yes, thou knewst 'twas writ;
 And by prevention couldst have hindred it.
 But 'twas my error onely: had she shone
 I should have read it plainly in the Moone:
 For such thy powerfull art is, it can bind
 The starres in characters to speake thy mind.
 Now being thus from loving friends divided
 Into a desert Forrest was I guided,
 Where horror did present a thousand feares,
 But none of meeting Lyons, Wolves, or Beares.
 Yet there were divers beasts, and never a one
 But I would have beene glad to feed upon.

Yet.

Upon the losing of his way in a Forest, &c.

Yet my sharpe hunger I was forc't to brooke:
Unlesse the divell there was ne're a cooke.
And here some thoughts of him made me suppose
That every tree I saw had cleven toes.
And when I spy'd the glimpses of a hill,
I durst have sworne that walkt, and I stood still.
A Salamander I did oft expect,
A Pigmie or a Sylvan to detect
My knowledge to some treasure: but my mind
Was vainly bent on what I ne're could find.
My friends that now had mist me, scatter'dly
Were gone abroad with lights to search for me,
But all in vaine: their showtes I did mistake
For Owles; and thought each light a flaming Drake.
So that by shunning of their guidance thus
I prov'd my selfe the *ignis fatuus*.
Meeting a ragged colt, I fear'd the elfe;
And then I thought 'twas time to blesse my selfe.
But every thing I met with ranne away
As if I were a greater sprite than they.
Arm'd with a mighty staffe, but patience none,
In silent language I began to moane
My sad mishap; which could not answer'd be
By any there, but with like silencie.
But ow at length it wonne my cruell fate
To be a little more compassionate.
Hearing a dogge barke I lift up mine eye
When through the foggy ayre I could descrye
A ragged chimney, and a rooffe that had
Two trusse of straw upon't: this made me glad.
He that this weather-beaten Mansion own'd
Being newly gone to bed, sweet slumbers crown'd
His labour with sound rest: the fire was then
Newly put out; for had it burning beene,
Mixt with the noyse of hammers, who can tell
But that I might have taken it for hell.

* A Smiths
house.

Upon the losing of his way in a Forest, &c.

Onely the doores were fast, and *Hilax* voyce
Was a shrill treble, not a shellish noyse
Like *Cerberus*. By chaine stri'd, I heard
The people snoring: Then I greatly fear'd
A sharpe repulse. But using gentle words,
With, Friend I am a servant of my Lords,
I enter'd, where the rest of night I rested,
And in almost tired spirits warmly rested.
And after *Chambrilove* had summons'd day
I payd some thanks, and homeward hit my way.
And sure 'twas left behind, else in this fit
I was ten to one but I had lost my wit.

Upon

Alum? A *
Sund

Upon excellent strong Beere which be drunke at the
Towne of Wich in Worcestre shire where
Salt is made.

Hou ever youthfull god of wine,
Whose burnisht cheekes with rubies shine,
And browes with iys chaquets crown'd,
Wee dare thee here to pledge a round.

Thy wanton grapes we doe detest a
Here's richer ioyce from barly prest:
Let not the *Muses* vainly tell
What vertue's in the horse-hoofe well,
That scarce one drop of good blood breeds,
But with meere inspiration feeds:

Oh let them come and tast this Beere,
And water hence-forth they le forswear.
If that the *Paracelsian* crew
The vertues of this liquor knew,
Their endlesse toyles they would give o're,
And never use extractions more.

'Tis Medicine; meate for young and old;
Elixir; bloud of tortur'd gold.
It is sublim'd; it's calcinate;
'Tis rectified, precipitate:
It is *Androgena Sols* wife;
It is the *Mercury* of life.

It is the quintessence of Malt;
And they that drinke it want no Salt.
It heales; it hurts; it cures; it kills:
Mens heads with proclamations fills.
It makes some dumbe, and others speake;
Strong vessels hold, and crack't ones leake.
It makes some rich, and others poore,
It makes, and yet marres many a score.

*On a black speck in forme of a starre
vnder a faire Ladies eye.*

What prodigie is this to fight
The well-pleas'd sence from its delight?
To see a Starre whose light is turn'd
Into sad black, as if it mourn'd:
When plac'd in such a heaven, where
Nothing but gladnesse can appeare.
'Tis *Merope*, who yet doth hide
Her glory being stifled.
And blushing at her mortall choyce
When all her sisters doe rejoyce
By Gods embrace, hath lef't the skie
To steale more lustre from this eye.
But comming neere that globe of light,
By chance the lids close in the night,
And so prevent the theft, whereby
Shee is ecclipt eternally.
Nor will shee evermore in heaven
Be seene to make the number seven.
Onely if this fayre one were
But fixt a constellation there
Whence shee descended, 'twere a grace
To be a darke starre on that face
Above the other fixe we see
Shine on the Monster's crooked knee.

An Elegie on the death of the hopefull

Mr. WILLIAM ROBERTS, aged 11.

Sonne to the Worshipfull NICHOLAS

ROBERTS Esquire.

What subject hath Death brought for my sad Muse
To practise art, and sorrow on? to use
(Her lightsome layes, & spritfull ayres lay'd by)
Some mixture of Cromaick harmonie:

'Tis a sad subject, and requires each tone
And cadence to be finisht in a groane.

Words such as we from griefe can onely heare,
Straying the heart-strings that restraints them there.

'Tis a sad subject now, that living might
Have beene an equall object of delight
With any one that fancy could devise

To please the inward, or the outward eyes.

A youth in whose sweet face each grace did dwell,

As if there were their *Acidalian* well:

And that they left *Boetias* cooling streames

To warme their naked beauties in his beames.

A youth whose colours, symetrie and eye

Made up a forme to paint a *Cupid* by.

Yet (gainst the tenent) Natures livelier part

Should still excell the workmanship of art.

A youth whose fayre and glorious mind became

The Mansion of all vertues that have name.

And by his inclination did expresse

More age in's youth, then manyes age possesse.

But now Deaths ashy hand hath chang'd the hew

Of those bright cheekes where Roses lately grew:

E

And

An Elegie on the death of the hopefull, &c.

And triumphs o're his earth, that yet will be
In spite of Fate more conquerour then he.
Come *Libitin* then; deck thy sad browes
With wreathes of funerall Yough, and Cypresse boughes.
Command thy flaming altars to be drest
With spice stolne from a dying *Phenix* nest.
Let every teare that falls upon his urne
Into a Pearle (and that most orient) turne,
'Till they have rais'd a pile, whose costly frame
May make forgotten *Mansalems* name.
But why should empty wishes thus be spent?
His corpes enough enrich his monument.
And the long sacred clay is hallowed more
By holding of his reliques, then before.
You then whom nature, or respects doe tye
To expresse affection by the outward eye
Weepe not for's losse so much, since it hath given
A shrine more to the earth, a Saint to heaven.

An

*An Epigramme on an old unband-
some, yet lustfull woman; who was discovered to
weare drawers of black
tassata.*

THe diuells in't: did ever Witch
In mourning cloth her wrinkled breech
Vnlesse the *Insubus* were dead
That had her wither'd maydenhead?
Why that part veil'd? the face left free,
That hath no lesse deformitie?
A pox on both, the reason's smelt:
Shee'd have one seene, the other felt.
That neither sense into mislike might grow,
Though she be light, she keepes all darke below.

E a

On

On a faire Lady, whom a meane
Gentleman hearing her sing, and play,
felt in love with.

I M sure in heaven. No mortall eare
Did ever such sweet Musicke heare.
A voyce as if each ravishing note
Were resilt from an Angels throte.
Apply'd to cordes are strooke so cleere,
As if each finger mov'd a spheare.
So full expressing every part,
That concord need no other art.
Besides, my instruments of sight
Are dazell'd with a glorious light.
The Sun's but shaddow to her eye;
And day more darke then midnights skye.
Yet midst this heaven there is a hell:
The spice she breathes I may not smell.
Nor dare to quench my longing sipp
One drop of Nectar from her lipp.
Nor touch her hand; much lesse what's hidden,
And by a stricter law forbidden.
But might I purge my earth to move
In her high orbe so farre above
My pitch of flight; or but aspire
To rarifie it with her fire,
I'de in a perfect heaven be
In spight of my mortalitie.

An

An Epithalamium on the hopefull happy

Marriage of Master BURLACE, and

Miss ALICE BAKER married

in December. 1637.

VP grey-ey'd morning, combe thy golden hayre,
And with thy blisfull staine the freckled ayre,
Rouse the forgetfull Sunne from *Ther* bed,
And bid him shake the tresses on his head,
That flames of light may usher in his way,
And give beginning to a glorious day.
Vpon the God of *Unions* altars see
What piles are kindled of rich spicery:
As when the *Phoenix* in her pregnant death
Expires her soule with her *Panchasian* breath.
Me thinkes th'art lazie *Phebus*. If thou please
To dwell so long with our *Antipodes*,
Remaine there still: thy radiance wee'le supply
With brighter beames shot from the Brides faire eye:
That shall create a day where thy light failes
In darkest bottomes of *Cimmerian* vales:
And through all seasons their effects dispence
Above the power of thy weake influence.
December shall translate himselfe to *May*,
And with the Summers sweetes checker her away.
And tis his hope her lasting course will bring
A change in time for him to lead the Spring.
The Northerne ayre that mov'd with waving ice
Melted, as if 'twould quench the sacrifice,
And clowd the dayes pompe. But from those cold shewres
Shall grow new issues of most fragrant flowres,
Warm'd into life, and taking perfect birth
Where her soft steps doe fructifie the earth.

An Epithalamium, &c.

As shee doth passe the birds shall streine their throats.

And beate the ayre with artificiall notes,

Forgetting wildnesse. Yea, sad *Philomel*

Shall teache the story of her fate to tell,

And sing delightfull ayres, such as are song

To Victorie by a triumphing throng.

Now Sir to meet your joyes, your selfe addresse,

Cloth'd in the glory of a happinelle,

Which beauty, chastitie, and constant love

Make absolute, and is confirm'd above.

Take to your soft embraces a pure frame

Where all the vertues dwell that have a name.

When every sense is fill'd, in them you le find

Endlesse delights to feast th'immortall mind.

Being posselt of all tharchast desire

Can warme your active soules to with his fire,

Enjoy them without change: so such as you

The repetition will present them new.

Whilst all mens zealous wishes are to see

Those pleasures blest in a posteritie.



On

On a *Mistresse* of whose affection
hee was doubtfull.

What though with figures I should raise
Above all height my *Mistresse* praises,
Calling her cheek a blushing rose,
The fairest Iune did e're disclose.
Her forehead Lillies, and her eyes
The luminaries of the skies.
That on her lippes *Ambrosia* grows,
And from her kisses *Nectar* flows:
Too great hyperboles; unless
Shee loves me, shee is none of these.
But if her heart, and her desires
Doe answer mine with equall fires,
These attributes are then too poore.
Shee is all these, and tentimes more.

An

An Elegie on a lovely young child drown'd at London Bridge, in the yeare 1335.

Here's funerall Goddesse? why doth she delay
The solemne rites belong to this sad day?
Slight's she so small a Herse? will she denie
The dues belong to every memorie?
Come and attend them, whence thou shalt derive
A glory great as Fate did ever give
Thy last respected Deity: shalt have
As much true honour by his little grave,
As if it were some great *Colossus* tombe
Swelling a Mountaine from the earths stretcht wombe,
And thou unruly streame that didst deprive
His parents of their chiefest joy alive,
What sinne of his made thee the instrument
And meanes, of such a seeming punishment?
His innocence ne're tempted heaven; his face
Might move some wanton God to an embrace
Which makes me thinke thy amorous *Gonew* might
Attempt him from us for his *Caramite*.
If so, you were good waters, and doe winne
Eternall songs for hindring such a sinne.
But this sufficeth not. Eyes flow amaine,
As if they meant to drowne him once againe,
Or fearing you asham'd of what y' have done
Should into *Neptunes* boundlesse bosome runne,
To hide your selves leaving the channell dry,
Their flood of teares should that defect supply.
Or else congeal'd to Pearles, a thrine should be
To keepe his ashes, and his memory.



A PRESENTATION
Intended for the Prince his Highnesse
on his Birth-day the 29 of May, 1638.
annually celebrated.

A Curtaine being drawne, an Ale-house is discovered,
out of which Time drives certaine ignorant, and
yet Great undertaking Almanack-makers.

Time.

ANd must I still be vext ! shall my gray age
Be play'd upon, as if I were a Page
To your fond Art, not Nature : did not live
But by the stipend which you yearely give.
Your owne's but forty shillings, and that price
Bindes you to order me by sage advice
With *Ticho Brach*, and *Ptolomy*, so farre
You dare out-doe a learn'd *Albumazar*.
And with Predictions cheat the faith of men,
That make your bookes their gods ; and from your raigne
Or drought foretold inhaunce the price of graine,
This is the end of your high practise.

I. Alm.

Wee

Doe all by just rules of Astrologic.

F

Time.

A Presentation intended for the

Time.

Starre-gazing idlers, you Astrologers!
That understand not what the name inferres;
You have not enough Grammar to conceive
The words true Etymon; and therefore leave
Your vaine replies, lest I apply them to
Another use,

2. *Alm.*

What would *Time* have us doe?

Time.

Not fright credulitie with this yeares wonders;
Eclipses; tempests; frosts; snowes; stormes and thunders.
And you that sad fates sadly doe report
In borrowed Latine from the Innes a court;
Let not great Princes; Statesmen, and whole Nations
Suffer this yeare by your Prognostications:
As if you could the fates of all men teach,
When your conjecture hath obtain'd the reach
Of probabilitie: for which your cares
May stand in time as fixt starres on the spheares
Of some round pillory. 'Twill teach you how
'Tis judgement to be silent, though you know.

3. *Alm.*

Why *Astraregunt homines.*

Time.

'Tis true:

Starres governe men; but *Time* shall governe you;
And regulate your studies: or he'll be
No longer ruler o're his *Pentarchie*.
You shall not stuffe your annuall bookes with rimes
Bought of the Ballad-mongers of the times;

In

Prince his Englishesse on his Birth-day, &c.

In which (and that shewes little Poetrie)
He must enveigh 'gainst wine and venerie.
Prescribe the fittest time for cutting cornes;
And when the Pigges should feare the gelders hornes.
These are your labours; and by such as these
Each of you shewes him selfe *Philomates*.
You likewise thinke 'tis grace your yeares workes are
Fixt on the backside of some chalkie barre,
Where's your owne score, perhaps for Ale or Beere
You will not pay till the *Platonick* yeare.

4. Alm.

Time Satyres me.

Time.

Indeed *Time* cannot lye:

You know his Motto: *καλὸς ὁ χρόνος*.
'Tis well that you can make the country Squire
For two pence yearly a Chronologer.
Tell him how long 'tis since the world began;
And since the Conquest every Monarches raigne.
Then with this store enabled hee's complete;
Can welcome friends with talke as well as meate,
Before poore tenants have their rent to pay
The Landlord's skilfull in the quarter day:
Knowes every Termes returns, and when he's t'ide
By a *Subpena* on his mare to ride
To *London*; where he onely learns to boast
How much his journey, and his law-sutes cost.

2. Alm.

Time knowes that we are schollers.

Time.

So you are;
And learn'd onestoo: whose speculations dare

A Proclamation intended for the
Reach at sublime things, when you cannot spye
What snakes of folly at your owne feet lye.

3. Alm.
What would *Time* have us then?

Time.

I'de have you be
Not vaine prescribers of mens destinie;
But Registers of actions, such as may
Challenge deserv'dly a peculiar day
To every owner. You me thinkes should show
The executions done by th' English bow,
When black Prince *Eward* bravely did advance
His Ensignes through the very heart of *France*.
I will have all the world observe this day,
So glorious by the birth of him, that may
Fill volumes with his acts, and challenge more.
Then all the great *Heroes* went before.

4. Alm.

Such things as those *Historians* ought to day.

Time.

Be nothing, or be you *Historians* too.
Practise a reformation, or (fond *Elves*)
Chang'd into *Satyres* you shall last your selves. *Exit.*

1. Alm.

Is the gray dotard gone?
Wee are then alone:
Good fellowes every one.
Let's call my hostesse *Joane*.

2. Alm.

Prince his Highness on his Birth-day, &c.

2. Alm.

Well said rithmer; thy halting verses will hardly support the fat cripple any longer that begs with them. Would wee had some Ale.

3. Alm.

Hang this *Time* that would alter our profession, which is of equall antiquitie with him. Suppose wee have abilities; must we use them as he please? No: let us inspire our selves with Ale, and compile an everlasting *Ephimerides*.

1. Alm.

Where's the stock-boy?

Doe not mock boy:

Left I knock boy

Your learn'd block-boy.

3. Alm.

Hast thou none left of thy sixe yeares before hand? If the Stationers refuse to trust, our bookes shall never more credit the Company with rubricks in the title.

2. Alm.

Wee'le try all the houses in the Zodiac; and if they will not trust, wee'le pull'downe the signes.

3. Alm.

Here is the signe of the Moone, the *rendevous* of our fraternitie. If the worst comes to the worst, wee'le pawne *Time* for the reckoning.

A Presentation intended for the

4. Alm.

By your favour we may more easily spend him.

Hostesse enters.

3. Alm.

Here comes shee will fill us the comfortable liquor,

2. Alm.

By the dozen?

3. Alm.

By the score boy. Wilt not Hostesse?

Host.

No indeed sir. I le hazard no more upon your next yeares *Almanack*. You say there's a man in the Moone drinks Claret; keepe him company. The woman at the Moone will keepe her Ale for better customers.

3. Alm.

Shall wee have no Ale then?

Hostesse.

Not a cockle-shell full without money before-hand.

3. Alm.

Here's two groats; fetch every man his pot, and before we drinke a health we'll curse thee.

Host.

The Foxe will fare the better.

Exit.

3. Alm.

3. Alm.

Maist thou have alwayes pennileffe guests like us, 'till thou pawne thy petticoate to pay the Brewer, and thy glorious shelves shine not so much as with an earthen platter. Instead of Shoelane hangings may the walls of thy house be painted with chalke; and the figures of no more valew then cyphars. Mayst thou weekly be subject to informers, and thy forfeited licence be put to the last use of wast paper.

Host.

*Host. enters with drinke,
and exits presently.*

Stop your mouth sir.

3. Alm.

Hast thou brought Ale? cry thee mercy. Here's a health to the Prince, whose Birth-day Time would have should be the whole subject of an Almanack.

4. Alm.

Let him give the conceipt to a Poet; it may be worth a day to him.

*They drinke, and are transformed into Satyres,
horns growing out of their heads.*

3. Alm.

Time enters.

Ha! hath Circes given us an enchanted cup; or are our wivesturn'd City Witches? These are fine jestes.

Time.

'Tis your owne idle humour makes you beasts.

2. Alm.

2. Alm.

Forgive us Time.

Time.

May dance a Horne-pipe now.

That done perhaps I'll crop your well-grown bow.

*They dance: at the end whereof their bowes
fall away.*

3. Alm.

Ha! wee are men againe.

Time.

Hence: since you sleight all counsaile that is mine,
I'll employ others in my great designe.

Time drives them forth.

*A Symphonie of Musicke with chirping of Birds, singing of
Nightingales and Cuckoos. The Scene changing into a
pleasant Garden. Time brings in May, attended by Flora
and Vertumnus, who sing the following Song,*

The Song.

Oh, gently, as the skye is faire,

Arabian winds perfume the ayre,

As they the Easterne gardens sweep,

Or Amber floating on the deepe,

Such sweets doe here the sense bewitch.

The Phoenix pile is not so rich.

Chorus.

Thou own'st a glory, & triumph'st the best
 Of these, as day light doth the time of rest
 This day, that makes Time young, in hope to see
 A thousand new, & never seen before
 Dissolv'd, to gaze on, & behold
 The Prince, & the Princess, & the
 Go my delight, & my desire
 Of all thy pleasures, to his gracious eye
 Sing, sweetly sing, The day is young
 Have got new notes, & new words
 What Nature wants, she hath supply
 And makes it perfect harmony
 Above the clouds, here on the earth
 Worthy his glory, & his birth
 Inferior to the things that should be forth
 The finches of his glory, & his birth
 The pastimes which belong to me are true
 Fitter for courts, & for the
 Yet (to the) the
 Shall enter of
 Here's perfect May in every sense

A Mousie Dance
 Time

Welcome to Time thou comfort of the earth
 The world thy pleasure, & thy birth
 To all her glories, & to all her birth
 Wrapt in his cloud, & in his birth
 Vnearthly then, were earthly birth
 But snow and barrenness, & barren birth
 Cover'd with green: then have thy birth
 Seldome peepe out of his bright canopic
 But now thou hast unto the infant Spring
 Given perfection; and thy blessings bring
 The world to thee, & to thy birth
 What Time thou hast, & to thy birth

Custom

G

Thou

Thou own'st the glory, yet thou art not
Of these, as day light doth the darkness of night.
This day, that makes Time young, in hope to see
A thousand revels that shall be thy joy and mine
Dissolv'd, to gaze on thee, that shall be mine
The Princes here, and all that shall be mine
Goe my delight, and take me to thy side
Of all thy pleasures, to his gracious eye
Present the things that I have said

Worthy his high estate, that shall be mine
Inferiour to the things that should set forth
The fulnesse of his glory and his worth.
The pastimes which belong to me are rude,
Fitter for course ends, and shew of power
Yet (so the Queen be pardon'd) they
Shall enter to delight him as they may

A Morisk 'Dance.

Time.

Hee's pleasure with this dance, and good content
At such proportion, his Majesty's content
That every part of his high heart, his eye
Expreffe them in a due equality
I have another to present him, that shall be mine
Wee'le yeeld him dances, that shall be mine

Keepers registers of Time, And though I be
The

Calend

*The Dance ended they returned to the
spectacle the Epilogue.*

Time.

Q *Ld Time* leaves all his blessings that he may
Here with this presence; and will every day
Confirm possession. Sadly sets the Sunne
After his dayes course cheerefully was runne.
The Moone looks pale; the Tapers dimly burne:
The feare of your departure makes them mourne.
Sweet rest attend ye all: Good night 'tis late,
Many birth dayes may you thus celebrate.

*Time being received into the Scene
is closett.*

The End.

